

## BAND PLAYS "NEARER MY GOD" AS TITANIC SINKS

### Old Hymn Tune Stills Tumult as Screaming Passengers Prepare to Drown--Col. Astor Saves Bride, but Dies Himself--Wouldn't Take Woman's Place

NEW YORK, April 19.—For the first time since the wireless last Sunday night flashed the news of the collision of the great White Star liner Titanic with an iceberg off the grim, desolate coast of Sable Island, the full details of the accident that cost more than fifteen hundred lives were learned last night upon the arrival of the steamer Carpathia at her pier in the North River. And what details they proved to be! It was a tale of horror and heroism, of Anglo-Saxon indifference to death when duty led that way.

Col. John Jacob Astor, first seeing that his bride, going home for the birth of her first baby, was safely placed in one of the two few lifeboats, refused to accept a place by her side, because "it might crowd out some woman." Nor was he alone in his bravery. As the huge vessel upended and sank, the strains of the band, playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," were heard by the women and children in the boats, out there on the heaving waste of black, icy waters.

As the great ship plunged into the eternity of waters, the brilliant lights showed her captain and first officer standing on the bridge, immovable, impassive, serene. Then they vanished.

#### CROWDS SEEK NEWS.

As the time for the arrival of the Carpathia drew near, the great crowds which for days have been thronging the White Star line's offices on Whitehall street and before the bulletin boards of the newspapers, left those places and began to form along West street and as many as could crowded in to the long pier shed. The rest swarmed over the string pieces, until the police, fearing accidents when the steamer pulled in, drove them away. West street for blocks was packed and jammed with a black mass of heaving humanity that clamored and cried for news.

Then the Carpathia, towed by two tugs, swung out of the stream and pointed her nose into her berth. The gangway was run up and those with permits rushed aboard. Every survivor in the packed cabins was almost instantly surrounded by frantic ones, demanding some word of one of the missing. It was an epic they heard, the equal of any grim Norse saga ever written.

#### AFTER A RECORD.

Leaving Liverpool April 10, on her first trip across the ocean, the Titanic was under orders to make a speed record if possible. From the moment she started until the instant she struck the towering iceberg, she steamed at the rate of twenty-one knots, tearing through the seas like an express train.

Sunday night was damp, foggy and cold, bitterly cold. There was little wind, but a sea that, while it did not not affect the great liner, proved tremendous when the tiny lifeboats were launched. So dense was the fog that no warning of the approaching berg was given. Suddenly there was a slight tremor that ran through the long steel hull like a shiver. That was all. The ship went on her way.

#### SHOCK WAS SLIGHT.

Up on the bridge the first officer, feeling the jar, threw the switches that controlled the water-tight bulkheads. The mechanism refused to work. Almost at once he noticed the ship was listing, and sent for the captain, who was below in the saloon, where the usual Sunday night sacred concert was being given. The skipper ran to the bridge, to be greeted with the tale of the collision and the information that the steel-like spines of ice had torn great holes in the plated sides of the liner.

Hardly had this news come to him when the engineer reported that the firerooms were flooding, and a moment later the voice over the engineroom telephone announced that the engineroom was also filling rapidly.

Quickly the great hull listed. She lost

her way as the engines slowed, fluttered and stopped, and began rolling horribly in the trough of the seas, nasty and choppy.

#### NO PANIC.

Meantime, down below, in the long lines of corridors and the brilliantly lighted saloons and smoking rooms, the passengers, some of whom had not noticed the shock when the berg was struck, were continuing their music and games. It was an hour after the accident before the word was passed to the passengers to put on life preservers. Even when the word came that the ship was in danger of sinking and that they must prepare, there was no panic. Directed by the officers and members of the crew, the passengers went to the boats, lined up beside them and waited for further instructions. It was freezing on the decks, and the wind whipped the spray from the tops of the short and angry waves and dashed it, in spindrift, against the figures by the lifeboats and rafts. Rapidly as the officers and crew worked, they did not work fast enough. The ship was sinking. The survivors say that they could feel her going, as she wallowed from side to side. The fog-horn was silent, and this, not a few of them said, was the only thing they noticed. It had been going almost continually for two days.

#### HEROES ALL.

It was while they were gathering about the boats that the fiber of the men showed best. There was no stampede, no effort to crowd out the women and children and the sick, but perfect order, calm obedience to the commands from the dark figures of the officers, hurrying about in sou'westers and oilskins.

#### ASTOR SAID FAREWELL TO BRIDE.

Col. John Jacob Astor, on his way home with his bride of but little more than a year, who expects soon to become a mother, was in the after saloon, where the concert was being held, when the collision came. Col. Gracie, one of the last to swim to a life raft, after the steamer had sunk beneath the waves, tells the story of Mr Astor's calm acceptance of fate and duty.

To a reporter for the Associated Press, Colonel Gracie said: "We were all together when an officer came into the saloon and told us that the seamer had struck an iceberg and was sinking, and ordered us to get the women and children together by the lifeboats on deck. Colonel Astor jumped to his feet and ran to the suite occupied by himself and his bride, who was Miss Madeline Force. Mrs Astor was in a delicate condition, and the Colonel had been excessively attentive to her wants during the whole of the trip. At that moment he seemed to think of nothing but her safety and greatest possible comfort.

"I saw him come out of the saloon door a few moments after, and he carried her to a lifeboat and placed her in the stern sheets. One of the officers went up to him and suggested that he better enter the boat with his wife, so he could care for her. Colonel Astor refused, saying, 'I might crowd some woman out of the place.' Although the officer persisted that Mrs. Astor needed him, the Colonel simply shook his head and turned to continue his last conversation with his wife.

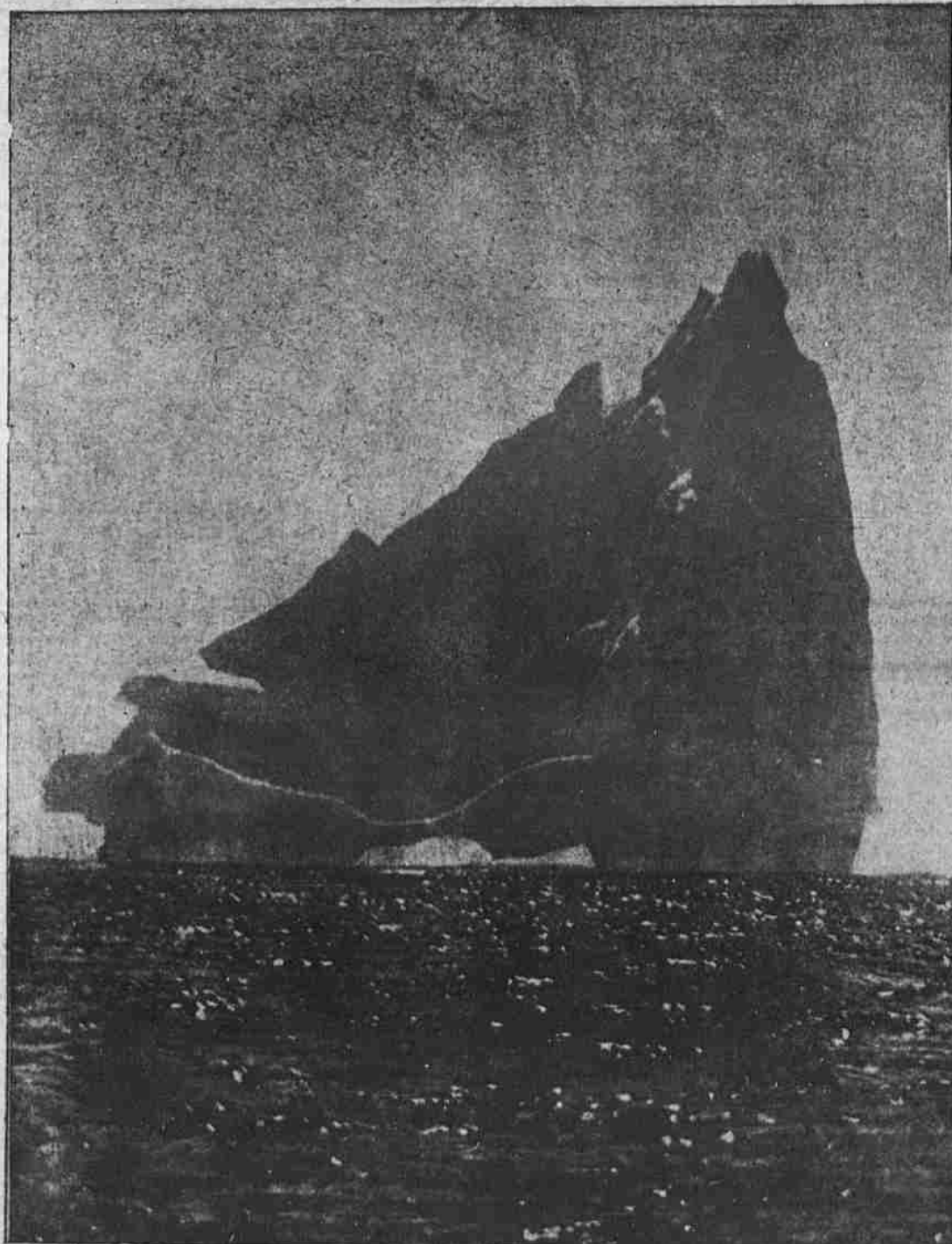
"Then one of the officers seized me and put me to work getting women and children lashed safely upon a life raft, that they had dragged to the rail ready to launch when the ship sank. That was the last I saw of Mrs. Astor until I met her aboard the Carpathia, and the last I saw of the Colonel.

#### REFUSED TO LEAVE HUSBAND.

"Mrs. Straus, wife of the millionaire merchant, refused to leave her husband when the order came for her to get into a boat, and there were other similar cases.

"One of the wonderful things about the whole gruesome night was the calmness with which the men and women faced death and the misery they showed at physical discomforts. It was freezing cold, one of the most bitter night I can remember, al-

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ICEBERGS—THE TERROR OF THE MARINERS.

Into some such an ice mountain as that pictured above, the great liner Titanic crashed last Sunday. The greatest, newest and largest steamship ever built, running on her maiden voyage, with upwards of two thousand souls aboard, sank soon after the impact. Icebergs are formed as parts of the great glacial systems of Greenland, Spitzbergen and other polar countries, creeping steadily out and down from the central heights to the shore. As the glacier is pushed out to sea, the lower margin is melted and the upper crusts break off in great fantastic shapes, floating away with the currents. As the great ice masses drift along, they meet away with the action of the water, one of the greatest dangers from the bergs being the shifting, sometimes overturning, of the great hulks to meet the changes in the center of gravity.

The iceberg here pictured probably represents a mass of fifty million tons. This is a comparatively small berg. An iceberg observed by Sir John Ross and Lieutenant Parry was two and a half miles long, two and a fifth miles broad and one hundred and fifty feet high. As only one-ninth of the average berg is exposed above water, the one thus observed represented 150,000,000 tons of ice, and it, to quote the Encyclopaedia Britannica, "was by no means of extraordinary dimensions."